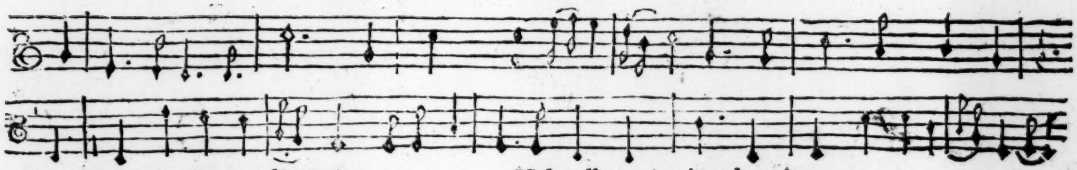
A new
SONG
Called the *SALAMANCA* Doctors
GLISTER-PIPE,
Or a new way to purge the Plott.

For want now of a holy Siſter
The Doctor gives his Man a Gliſter.

Tune of ſome ſay there was a Popiſh Plot,



ALL in the dayes of Lying men
When th' Doctor ſwore what not ſir,
He took's ſlans bum
For Evidence dumb
And Buggard him into a Plot ſir,
Help *Bedlow*, *Prance* and *Waller* now
For we ſhall all come poorer
For their's no hope
To confound the Pope
Since the Doctor's turn'd Bum-borer.

Old ſubtle *Tony* haſts away
To *Holland* to loſe his Tap
Elſe th' Doctors Oathes
Had ſwore down's clothes
And given his bum a clap:
Help *Bedlow*, *Prance* and *Waller* now
With oh! the zealous ſiſter
For the Doctor alaſs
Growing hot in the A——s
Hath given his man a Gliſter.

To add to his damnable crime
The politick whiggs to redeem
From the City is fled
Since *Tony's* dead
And left them in a dream,
Help all you perjured zealots now
To ſave your canting brother,
Like a falſe Trepan,
He turnd cat in the pan
From one ſide to another.

The Nations great preſerver now
Of *Salamanca* College
A true ſwearing Whore
Laid two brats at his dore
All this is to our knowledge,
Help all you Plot begetters
To ſave our perjured Paſtor
Since he was ſo bold
His ſoul to have ſold
To buy and ſell his Maſter.

If this be the Light of the Nation then
Who Evidence us'd to ralley
May he with all ſpeed
For that fine deed
Be hang'd in ſome dark Alley:
Help *Bedlow*, *Prance* and *Waller* now
With oh! the zealous ſiſter
For the Doctor alaſs
Growing hot in the A----s
Hath given his man a Glyſter.

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